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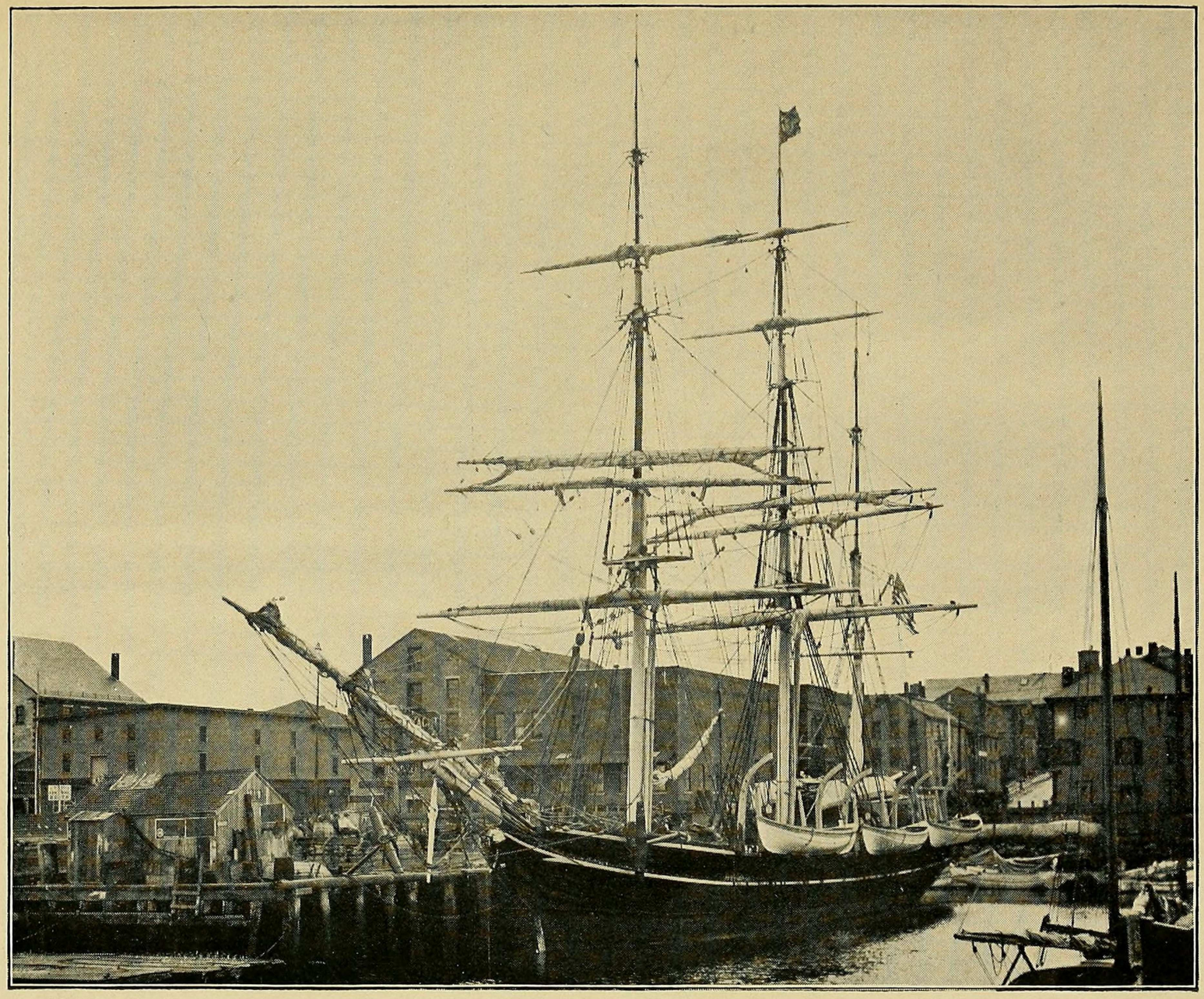

BARK KATHLEEN AT DOCK

BARK KATHLEEN SUNK BY A WHALE

As Related by the Captain,

THOMAS H. JENKINS

To which is added an account of two like occurrences,

the loss of

Ships Ann Alexander and Essex

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BARK KATHLEEN

Rammed and Sunk by an Infuriated Bull Whale.

(New York Journal.)

The most thrilling episode ever known in the history of the American Whale Fisheries has just occurred.

It is full of the mystery and thrill and terror of the deep sea. It is even more wonderful than any of the stories told by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, author of the famous "Cruise of the Cachalot."

CREW LIST

Of Bark Kathleen when she sailed from New Bedford, Mass., October 22, 1901, for a whaling voyage in the South Atlantic:

Thomas H Jenkins, South Dartmouth, master; J. W. Nichols, first mate; Paul Gomes, second mate; Manuel Viera and Morris Murray, boat-headers; Phillipe J. Viera, George Williams, Herbert R. Reynolds, Cecelia Manuel Delgardo, boatsteerers; J. A. Jensen, cooper, carpenter, and blacksmith; Alfred W. Ellis, steward; Benjamin J. Taber, cook; Julio Alves, Jocking Barrows, Manuel Fernandez, Manuel Fonseca, Charles H. Lutz, ordinary seamen; Manuel Teceira, preventer boatsteerer; Pedro Manuel Silva, seaman; Aurilla Lopez, seaman and preventer boatsteerer; Frank A. Bragg, green hand and carpenter; Antone Monterio, Arthur P. McPherson, Louis Sharp, J. A. H. Nickerson, Clarence W. Thwing, Rodney Morrison, William Glass, William H. Carr, green hands. Mrs. Jenkins accompanied her husband on the cruise.

INTRODUCTION

The Kathleen was about 195 tons and with outfits was valued at $20,000, being partially insured by her several owners. She also had on board at the time of the accident a small quantity of oil taken since leaving port.

The Kathleen had always been called a "lucky ship" and had made many good voyages.

She was built for the merchant service at Philadelphia in 1844, and after a year in the trade, was purchased by Captain James Slocum and fitted as a whaler. Her first master in the whaling industry was Captain William Allen, and she had in her day made many a good voyage. Among her masters have been Captain Charles Childs, Captain Daniel W. Gifford and Captain Samuel R. Howland. She had been almost en-

tirely built over only a few years ago, and just before being fitted for a cruise to St. Helena in 1899, where she loaded oil, was thoroughly overhauled.

Last year, it will be remembered, the Kathleen arrived in port in a disabled condition. This was on Sept. 28th, 1901, when she was commanded by Captain Fred H. Smith. For three days that month on the 6th, 7th and 8th, while southeast of Barbados, she was on her beam ends and at the mercy of the sea. The crew lived on the quarter deck at the time, not daring to go below. In fitting her up for the last cruise she was newly sparred.

Story of the Loss of Bark Kathleen

Told by the Captain,

THOMAS H. JENKINS

Having been requested to give an account of the sinking of the Bark Kathleen by a whale I will do the best I can, though I think that those who have read the papers know as much or more about it than I do.

We sailed from New Bedford the 22d October, 1901, and with the exception of three weeks of the worst weather I have ever had on leaving home, everything went fairly well till we arrived out on the 12-40 ground.*

*What is known by the whalers as the "12-40 Ground" is located in the Atlantic Ocean about 12° Latitude N., 40° Longitude W., approximately 1,000 miles off the coast of Brazil.—(Ed.)

The day we arrived there we raised a large whale and chased him most all day but could not seem to get any aim of him. We lost the run of him at last in a rain squall.

A few days after, the 17th of March, 1902, was one of the finest whaling days I have ever seen, smooth water and a clear sky. When they were going up to mast head I told them to look sharp for someone was going to raise a whale before night.

We steered different courses during the forenoon and at 1 P. M. the man aloft raised a white water which proved to be sperm whales, and there was a lot of them, some heading one way, some another.

When we got within a mile of them we lowered four boats, and soon after Mr. Nichols, the first mate, struck a whale, the other whales went to leeward and I followed them with the ship till I was sure the boats saw them.

Mr. Nichols then had his whale dead about one mile to windward, so I came to wind on the port tack, but it took us some time to get up to the mate, as we could not carry any foretopsail or flying jibs as the topmast had given out.

I stood on the port tack a while and then tacked. When we got braced up the dead whale was one point off the lee bow. I saw we were going to fetch him all right. Mr. Nichols had wafed his whale and was chasing some more. By that time, about 3 p. m., the lookout called out that the three boats to leeward were all fast. Of course we were all glad to hear that. I ran the ship alongside of the dead whale and after darting at him two or three times managed to get fast and get him alongside. Just then it was reported that the boats to leeward were out of sight. That worried me some so I told the cooper to get the fluke chain on the whale and I would go aloft and see if I could see the boats.

At this time Mr. Nichols had given up chasing and was coming on board. I got up to the topmast crosstrees and sat down. I then heard a whale spout off the weather beam and glancing that way, saw sure enough a large whale not more than five hundred feet from us, coming directly for the ship.

Mr. Nichols was then alongside, just going to

hoist his boat. I told him there was a whale, a big fellow, trying to get alongside and to go and help him along and he did help him along. He took him head and head and did not get fast. I don't know why. He certainly was near enough, the boatsteerer said too near, and did not have a chance to swing his iron.

Instead of that whale going down or going to windward as they most always do, he kept coming directly for the ship, only much faster than he was coming before he was darted at. When he got within thirty feet of the ship he saw or heard something and tried to go under the ship but he was so near and was coming so fast he did not have room enough to get clear of her.

He struck the ship forward of the mizzen rigging and about five or six feet under water. It shook the ship considerably when he struck her, then he tried to come up and he raised the stern up some two or three feet so when she came down her counters made a big splash. The whale came up on the other side of the ship and laid there and rolled, did not seem to know what to do. I asked the cooper if he thought the whale had hurt the

ship any and he said he did not think so for he had not heard anything crack.

Mr. Nichols was still trying to get to the whale when I thought we had no business fooling with that whale any more that day as the other three boats were out of sight and fast to whales and night coming on, so I told him to come alongside. "What for?" asked Mr. Nichols, "the whale is laying there." I said, "Never mind the whale but come alongside and hoist the boat up as soon as you can." He did so and I told him to get his glasses and come up to masthead and see if he could see the boats. His eyes were younger than mine and he soon raised them. Just at this time one of the men went to the forecastle to get some dry clothes and he found the floor covered with water. He cried out and then I knew the ship must have quite a hole in her. I immediately ordered flags set at all three mastheads, a signal for all boats to come on board under any and all circumstances.

Mr. Viera was then not more than a mile and a half from the ship and I knew he could not but help seeing the flags, but it was no use, he would

not let go that whale he was fast to. If he had only come to the ship they could have got some more water and bread. I set two gangs at work right away, one getting water and the other getting bread. The cask of bread was between decks and three men staid with that cask till the water came in and floated the cask away from them.

I then went to the cabin and found Mrs. Jenkins reading. She did not know that there was anything the matter with the ship. I told her the ship was sinking and to get some warm clothing as soon as she could but not to try to save anything else. Well, the first thing she did was to go for the parrot and take him on deck. Then she got a jacket and an old shawl.

By that time it was time to take to the boat, which we did without any confusion whatever.

There were twenty-one of us in the boat and with the water and bread and some old clothes she was pretty near the water, so deep that the water came over the centre board, so that some of us had to keep bailing all the time, while the

rest were paddling down to the boat that was still laying by the whale.

The ship rolled over to windward five minutes after we got clear of her. Well, we got to Mr. Viera at last and divided the men and give him his share of bread and water. Then it was dark and very necessary that we should find the other boats, for I knew they did not see the ship capsize and they would be looking for her for a day or so with no water to drink. Well, we set our sails and steered as near as we could where we thought the boats ought to be and about nine o'clock we raised them.

They were very much surprised to hear that the Kathleen was gone. I gave them some bread and water and divided the men up again, so three boats had ten men each and one boat nine men. I told them all to keep in sight of me and that I would keep a lantern burning all night. We then started for the island of Barbados, distant 1,060 miles. It was a beautiful moonlight night with a smooth sea. When morning came there was not a boat to be seen so I came to the wind and laid with the sheet slacked off over an hour

and raised a boat to windward steering for us. It was the third mate and he wanted some water. The water we gave him the night before was all salt. Well, we divided with him again and again started on our journey with five gallons of water. I told the third mate to keep up with me if he could but I should not stop for him or any one else again. About nine o'clock a. m. some one said he saw something off the port bow. We all looked and made it out to be smoke from a steamer and soon saw she was coming right for us, so we knew we were saved.

When she got near we saw she had a whale boat on her davits. They had picked up our second mate an hour before and he had told the captain that there were three other boats adrift and one of them had the captain and wife on board, so he was steaming around with two men at the masthead with glasses looking for us. We got alongside and she was way out of water. I asked Mrs. Jenkins if she could get up on a rope ladder they had put over the side and she said yes, she could get up if it was twice as high and she was not long in getting on deck.

Captain Dalton met us and welcomed us on board of the Borderer of Glasgow. He was very kind to us and did everything possible for us for the nine days we were on board his steamer, gave up his room to Mrs. Jenkins and myself even.

In nine days we were landed at Pernambuco and from there we came to Philadelphia on steamer Pydna, Captain Crossley.

We found friends everywhere we went; even in Philadelphia I had telegrams asking me to telegraph them if I needed any assistance. We arrived at New Bedford in due time and even Mr. Wing, (the agent of the Bark Kathleen), met me smilingly and seemed glad to see me. Everything seemed to work our way after the accident. When we were leaving the Borderer Capt. Dalton gave me thirty dollars in American bills, all he had with him.

He told me to take it and if I felt able when I got home to send the amount to his wife in England. It seems that Capt. Dalton had been running down this way for some years and having met head currents decided *this* trip to

make a passage three or four degrees to the eastward to see if he couldn't get out of it.

Owing to this fact we were picked up as we were.

As we had not seen a sail of any description for some time we might have been days in our boat before seeing any vessel.

The other boat containing one of the mates and 9 seamen landed safely at the Barbados after being in the boat 9 days with but 5 gallons of water and a little ship bread.

Loss of the Ships Ann Alexander and Essex.

Cases of whales rushing head on are very rare. One instance which will be remembered by some of the older residents of the city was in 1851, when the ship Ann Alexander was sunk in the Pacific ocean by a maddened whale.

In the Whaleman's Shipping List of Nov. 4, 1851, is a very full account of that occurrence. The story, which is substantially as follows, first appeared in the Panama Herald, as told by Captain John S. Deblois, follows:

The ship Ann Alexander sailed from New Bedford, June 1st, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific. Having taken 500 barrels of sperm oil in the Atlantic, Captain Deblois proceeded on the voyage to the Pacific.

On the 20th of August, 1851, while cruising on the "Off Shore grounds," at 9 o'clock in the morning, whales were discovered, and at noon of the same day succeeded in making fast to one.

The mate's boat made fast to the whale, which ran with the boat for some time, and then suddenly turning about rushed at the boat with open jaws, crushing the little craft into splinters. Captain Deblois rescued the boat's crew.

Later the waist boat was lowered from the ship and another attack made upon the leviathan. The mate again in charge of the attacking boat experienced another smashup, for in the battle the whale again turned on the boat's crew and crushed the second boat. The crew was saved and all hands returned to the ship, which proceeded after the whale.

The ship passed on by him, and immediately after it was discovered that the whale was making for the ship. As he came up near her they hauled on the wind and suffered the monster to pass her.

After he had fairly passed they kept off to

overtake and attack him again. When the ship had reached within about 50 rods of him the crew discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and as it was near sundown, it was decided to give up the pursuit.

The ship was moving about five knots, and while Captain Deblois stood at the rail he suddenly saw the whale rushing at the ship at the rate of 15 knots. In an instant the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern. She quivered under the violence of the shock as if she had struck upon a rock.

The whale struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed in impetuously. The anchors and cables were thrown overboard, as she had a large quantity of pig iron aboard. The ship sank rapidly, all effort to keep her afloat proving futile.

Captain Deblois ordered all hands to take to the boats and was the last to leave the ship,

L. of C.

doing so by jumping from the vessel into the sea and swimming to the nearest boat. The ship was on her beam end, her topgallant yards under water.

They hung around in the vicinity of the Ann Alexander all that night, and the next day the captain boarded his vessel and cutting away the masts she righted, when they succeeded in getting stores from her hold, with which to supply their boats, should it become necessary to make a boat voyage to land.

On August 22 ship Nantucket, Captain Gibbs, cruising in that vicinity, discovered the imperiled sailors and taking them in charge landed them at Paita, September 15th. The Ann Alexander was hopelessly wrecked and left to her fate on August 23.

Five months after this disaster this pugnacious whale was captured by the Rebecca Simms of this port. Two of the Ann Alexander's harpoons were found in him and his head had sustained serious injuries, pieces of the ship's timbers being imbedded in it. The whale yielded 70 to 80 barrels of oil.

The only other known case of a like nature occurred to the ship Essex of Nantucket, commanded by Captain George Pollard, Jr.

She sailed from Nantucket, August 12, 1819, for a cruise in the Pacific ocean. On the morning of November 20, 1819, latitude 0.40 south and longitude 119 west, whales were discovered and all three boats lowered in pursuit.

The mate's boat soon struck a whale, but a blow of the animal's tail opening a bad hole in the boat, the crew was obliged to cut from him.

In the meantime, the captain's and second mate's boats had fastened to another whale, and the mate, heading the ship for the other boats, set about overhauling his boat preparatory to lowering again.

While doing this he saw a large sperm whale break water about 20 rods from the ship. The whale disappeared, but immediately came up again about a ship's length off, and made directly for the vessel, going at a velocity of about three miles an hour, and the Essex was advancing at about the same rate of speed.

Scarcely had the mate ordered the boy at the helm to put it hard up, when the whale, with greatly accelerated speed, struck the ship with his head just forward of the forechains.

The ship brought up suddenly and violently and trembled like a leaf. The whale passed under the vessel, scraping her keel as he went, came up on the leeward side, and lay apparently stunned for a moment.

The vessel began to settle at the head with the whale 100 yards off thrashing the water violently with his tail and opening and closing his jaws with great fury.

While the mate was thinking of getting the two extra boats clear, as the vessel had begun to settle rapidly, the cry was started by a sailor: "Here he is; he is making for us again!"

The whale came down for the ship with twice his ordinary speed and a line of foam about a rod in width, made with his tail, which he continually thrashed from side to side, marked his coming.

The whale crashed into the bows of the Essex, staving them completely in directly under the

cathead. The whale after the second assault passed under the ship and out of sight to the leeward.

The crew were in a fix, in mid-ocean, a thousand miles from the nearest land and nothing but the frail whaleboat to save them.

The lashings of the spare boat were cut and she was launched with the ship falling on her beam ends. The ship hung together for three days. Provisions were taken from her and the whaleboats strengthened.

The boats started for the coast of Chile or Peru and after a hard time they landed at Ducies island. Unable to find subsistence there they again started, Dec. 27th, after leaving three of their number, of their own desire, and commenced to make the perilous voyage to the island of Juan Fernandez.

Many of the boats' crew died and the recital states that the flesh of a dead comrade was eaten by members of the mate's boat.

On Feb. 17th the surviving crew of the mate's boat were picked up by brig Indian. Captain Pollard and Charles Ramsdale, the sole survivors

of the captain's boat, were picked up Feb. 23d by a Nantucket whaler, and the third boat was never heard from.

(*New Bedford Evening Standard*).

APPENDIX.

Through the efforts of the New Bedford Board of Trade Captain Dalton has been presented by the U. S. Government a gold watch suitably inscribed in addition to the set of resolutions and pair of marine glasses presented him by that Board in recognition of his services in rescuing the Captain and crew of the Kathleen.

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